

himself in the thick of a political crisis. He introduced the young surgeon from Suffolk to the greatest of the day, to Fox, to Reynolds, to Johnson; arranged for the publication of *The Library*; arranged for the ordination of its author and his appointment to a curacy at Aid-borough, Then, when Crabbe's native town showed itself ill-disposed to take the returned salt-master's son for its spiritual shepherd, this ever-patient patron had him made instead chaplain to the Duke of Rudand. Thenceforth Crabbe's long life flowed evenly to its close. *The Village* appeared successfully in 1783; the same year saw him wedded at last to the woman he had toiled so patiently to win. In 1785 followed *The Newspaper*. Then for twenty-two years, from the age of thirty to fifty-one, he published nothing. Glad to escape from his too aristocratic chaplaincy to a country parsonage, he spent his quiet days in botanising, preaching against the enthusiasm of the Methodists, rearing a family, and delighting its youthful members with periodical bonfires in his garden *of massive manuscripts of verse, to say nothing of three novels—mountains of paper whose bulk, if burnt indoors, would have endangered the house. Sermons he composed with less ardour; in later life, at least, he would preach the same ones at two-year intervals—a characteristically common-sense arrangement. 'As like Parson Adams'

(said Lord Chancellor Thurlow) 'as twelve to
the dozen,
he maintained calm, but firm relations with
his parish-
ioners; tithe-days called from him no
elaborate ceremony,
but a blunt 1 must have some money,
gendemen/ His
life makes a sleepy record, even without the
opium he
took for his digestion in his latter years. And
yet under
this tranquillity there still lurked deeper
feelings—wild
impulses like that sudden uncontrollable
longing for the
-sea which made him one day mount his
horse, ride sixty